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PAPER by FREDERICK
WINGS O'BRIEN

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GEORGIA probishnists demand that all public officials who think probishn a failure, resign. We concur. The two classes who really believe in probishn are the bootleggers, and the dry cops, both of whom drink; and make merry, and a holy show of Uncle Sam.

§ §

RUSSIA veers to the right. Stalin will pay labor according to accomplishments; the intelligent will be fostered. Red Russia finds putting a premium on stupidity, ignorance, won't work. The Communists of America will find the same.

§ §

WHEN the dentists begin to take out one's teeth,—the final real ones—by the dozen, it is time to look love in the face, and to appreciate what one is pretty sure of. George Washington is said to have ceased his amours when they fitted him with wooden ones that were held by a spring. You can see them in the National Museum in Washington. I have. Martha began then to have her just inning. Of course, George is said to have caught his death of cold fleeing in his nightgown. All that did not prevent him from being one of the most admirable gentlemen, and bravest, one of the most sensible and astute Americans who ever lived. As to the cherry tree, he probably was learning grafting, instead of just taking a hack for hatred of cherries.

§ §

SHAW is in Russia. He has never been in America, but draws eighty thousand dollars a year in play and book royalties from us. It may be he's subject to seasickness.

§ §

FORD is a machine; believes, only, in machines. He makes men into machines. He will be counted, in forty years, as a queer phenomenon of the speed generation, a lopsided type without humane emotions, a throwback in an industrial age to a slave plantation era. But, his remarkable fashion of manufacture and sale will be amplified a hundred fold all over the world. He happened to be in gear when the time was ripe for cheap, universal motor transport.

§ §

BIG business and finance ran amuck for nigh on ten years. Now, it is running a-wry.

Edward Weston: An Estimate

by MERLE ARMITAGE

Prophecies about art and artists are as futile and often as inaccurate as those about politics or international affairs. A number of recently published books take a rather pessimistic attitude about contemporary aesthetic matters. In spite of these reactionary viewpoints this writer holds contrary views. When, I should like to inquire, has there been so much activity, so many fine minds concerned with creative matters, so much written about art, so much art of a new order exhibited and produced?

No one questions the fact that a wholly illogical percentage of the world's output of painting, sculpture and allied arts is valueless. But it takes only a few men in each generation to create new landmarks.

Notwithstanding the seemingly overwhelming invasion of modern French art, American art is making vastly greater strides than ever before. It is as though the resistance brought to bear against a great tide were a necessary factor to its advancement.

One of the men speaking clearly for the new aesthetics is Edward Weston. A retrospective exhibition of the photography of this unique man is to be held at Denny-Watrous Gallery—the first showing of its kind. I have seen much of his former work at various times, but I should like to see it assembled in chronological order as Carmel will see it.

Here is growth without forcing, development that is natural, logical and sure. Mastery won through evolution, not revolution—and mastery it surely is!

Here will be shown just how Weston arrived at the striking, sincere and powerful photographs which are today taking their rightful place in the American scene. His gropings are there, and his half-successes. His failures and occasional triumphs are all frankly dis-

Play-Reading Tonight

The successful Philip Barry play "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" after a season on Broadway and a recent run in San Francisco, will be read tonight by Carol Eberts Veazie. This form of entertainment is especially popular on the Coast as so many of the current New York successes never reach the West. Tonight's reading in the Greenroom of the Studio Theatre of the Golden Bough will be doubly attractive to Peninsula audiences both because of the popularity of the play to be read and the established artistic reputation of the reader.

PARLOW-TILLY SONATA SERIES

Following is the program to be given by Kathleen Parlow, violinist, and Margaret Tilly, pianist, at the Denny-Watrous Gallery tomorrow evening.

Sonata C minor ————— Beethoven

Allegro con brio
Adagio cantabile
Scherzo-Trio
Allegro

Sonata A major ————— Brahms

Allegro amabile
Andante tranquillo—Vivace
Allegretto grazioso
(Quasi andante)

Sonata ————— Pizzetti

Tempestoso
Pregiera per gl'innocenti—
Molto largo
Vivo e fresco

played, as he moved on to more complete understanding, more truthful fulfillment.

A great many books will someday be written about this modest man. Let us take pleasure now in knowing him in the fullness of his present maturity, realizing that even more lofty eminences are yet ahead for him. I envy Carmel that exhibition!

Weston's exhibit—in the Denny-Watrous Gallery—will open with a reception Monday evening.

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PICNIC

Guests at a picnic held at the deserted Indian village in Del Monte Forest yesterday included Mr. and Mrs. George W. Baker and their children, Carmencita, George and Jerry, of Piedmont; Mrs. Murdock Wingfield and daughter, of San Francisco, Mrs. Carl A. Bachelder and Mrs. Bachelder, Jr., of San Francisco and Pebble Beach; Mrs. Frederick Calkins and niece, Miss Audrey Martin; Mrs. W. H. Davis and daughter, Miss Nadine Davis of Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Falconer G. Cruickshank of Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. George S. Seward and Billy Seward of Beverly Hills, and Miss Virginia Law of San Francisco.

REMINISCENCE

Alex Francis, famous character actor, who has been the guest of Mrs. Lewis Pierce at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club, delighted a group at the picnic with reminiscences of his early days on the stage. An ardent golfer, Mr. Francis takes an active interest in the many recreational advantages of the Peninsula.

IN RUSSIA

Word comes from Ella Winter (Mrs. Lincoln Steffens) that she has been joined in Moscow by Lady Astor and George Bernard Shaw, and together they will "do" Russia. Ella Winter is getting final data for a book to be brought out in the fall, and has been engaged by the Universal Service to do a series of special articles for syndication in the Hearst papers.

AT DEL MONTE

Recent Del Monte arrivals include Mrs. James King Steele of San Francisco and her daughter, Miss Peggy Steele; Mrs. W. H. Thayer of Palo Alto; Mrs. Walton N. Moore and Miss Elizabeth Moore and Mrs. Henry D. Nichols of Piedmont and Mr. Francis Brown of Honolulu, California State Golf champion who will compete in the Pebble Beach championship which began yesterday.

HILLSBOROUGH CONCERTS

The open air concert in the Woodland Theatre, next Sunday afternoon will be conducted by Pierre Monteux, who arrived this week from Paris. Monteux first came to America in 1916 as conductor for the Russian Ballet. For two seasons following he was at the Metropolitan in New York and in 1919 became conductor of the Boston Symphony, which he directed for five years.

A BULGARIAN SCULPTOR IN CALIFORNIA

by GLORIA STUART

Atavas Katchamakopf, a modern Bulgarian sculptor, is exhibiting his work this month at the Legion of Honor Palace in San Francisco. Katchamakopf studied in Sofia, Berlin, Munich, Rome, and Paris, winning several international prizes abroad. He came to New York in 1924, and has been in this country ever since. He is now at Palm Springs, where, in 1929, he opened a studio and art gallery.

The finest piece shown here is a head of Christ carved in wood. Finely stylized, his concept of the Christ is overpowering. The face is not calm in aspect or full of infinite piety. The cast down eyes, lined face, and cruel ecstasy of the mouth exhibit a tortured soul. But strangely, from the head as a whole, radiates an inner joy.

An old Plowman, a plaque in relief, is full of advancing motion. The attitudes of the horse and plowman are purposeful and momentous. There is an earthly depth in the contours of the plowed soil and bending figures.

One of the best subjects is that of madonnas and children. His "Peasant Madonna and Child" is the most grotesque of similar groups shown. Flaming curves of garments and body synthesize themselves into startling postures. The hands, arms, legs, and feet of the mother surround the child awkwardly. The impression is given of the eternal cycle of parenthood.

A second madonna and child is classic in its simplicity of line. Here the mother in strict angularity, creates the traditional S composition by turning her head away from her body and shielding the child, her left hand is raised in a beneficent gesture.

The third madonna, in bronze, and without a child, is aesthetically perfect. Her whole body proudly curves toward one in a most satisfying flow. Every line is modelled to complete this surging intality. The posture is reminiscent of the "Women of Oxaca" by Henrietta Shore and contains the same rhythmic excellence.

"Katchamakopf is a stylist but his sculptures have stylized the rhythm of life itself. His form organizations are built with a most engaging and subtle simplicity. Non-essentials are eliminated with amazing intuitive power plus an equally astonishing technical facility. The resultant effect on the beholder is an admixture which beauty invariably inspire."

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lores Street, Telephone 717**Carmel Day by Day**

By THE GADFLY

Up and anon. Thoughts while mean-
dering. In my *dolce far niente* moments,
read society flares in Pacific Grove
weekly sheet. Page scintillated with a bit
of classical debauch launched in our
midst. After a eugenic seance at our
local Cinematorium, bevy of girlets
flitted to their hearth and lent their
helixes (can't trap me—it's spelt—
belices tambien) to one of blind
Homer's unsung elegiacs—"Syckie at
the Cess-Pool." (*vide* "Grove at High
Tide.") Alas, a wave of nostalgia en-
gulfed me. To think that someone is
fragrantly thinking of me—Poor De-
mure Gadfly. What a soiree it must have
been. "Syckie at the Cess-Pool" after
witnessing a fictional spree on Birth-
Control. How beautiful and logical the
continuity of it all is. I just must sur-
cease—lachrymal gulps heave heavy
about my tentacles. Poor Syckie.

Another anachronism on the Avenue or
is it? A Jack-Ass, donkey or mule—I
confess my ignorance on ornithology—
was seen driven by some human who
walked proudly by its side turning his
head to the right and left in order to
let the bewildered recognize the racial
distinction. The most intelligent was a
canine balancing itself on a pack on the
Jack-Ass, Donkey or Mule or what have
you. To what base uses these animals
(and I mean all of them) come. Why
did they come here? Gypsies, donkies—
now what's next?

The ennui of the settlement was
punctured the other evening by newsy-
blastings. Two human calliopes leaped
upon us during the late feed-bag period
and screamed out their bold bluff in-
anities. Street-gammons, I groaned as
I adjusted my food-crushers to make
just one more vain effort to extract
some chicken from a tenacious bone.
And was I incensed? And how. It's not
often that I dine on *poulet en friteau*.
Gras-double aux haricots blancs make
up my alimentary routine. Usual thing,
says me with a Del Monte hauteur. I'm
just bored with the commonplace; my
ancestors came over on a rum-runner.
And now I read "Salome"; hobnob with
the sophisticates; ape an Oxford accent

and just declare that I mingle with the
intelligentsia. I just can't suffer those
low-brows. Well, that's that. I passed
through that social ensemble at Del
Monte all right. Was able to adjust my
monocle enough to see that sunny boy
kissing the Carmel grade nightie,
nightie. See you anon.

SURVEYING BUSINESS

Can the future operation of the great
mechanism of American business be
protected against at least some of the
painful and damaging effects of the
extremes of alternating booms and
panics through which it has been ac-
customed to pass periodically? Dr.
Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of
Commerce, sketches the ground on
which hopes of modifying the excesses
of the business cycle are now being
built up, and will present them in detail
in his radio talk, "Surveying Business,"
over the Columbia Broadcasting System
next Sunday afternoon. The talk will
be heard locally through station KFRC
at three o'clock.

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE THEATRE?

Adopting the suggestion made last
week by Galt Bell, we present here-
with the first of a series of comments
on the state of the theatre drawn
from sources outside of Carmel. The
first selection has been made by Mr.
Bell himself.

Channing Pollock, author of "The
Fool," is planning a tour of four road
companies in his latest work for the
stage "The House Beautiful." In an
article for the newspapers of America
he presents some reasons why "the road"
is moribund. He calls his story "Times
Square and America," and in it he is
quite severe with Times Square.

"To the little group of people who work
in Times Square," he says, "the rest of
America is 'the road,' and that, I be-
lieve, is the chief reason 'the road' has
ceased to exist for Times Square. Today,
we are told there are practically no
theatres available except in the large
cities, and very little patronage for
those that are available. Times Square
blames 'the talkies.' When I was a boy
Times Square blamed roller skating.
Whenever there is a slump in the
theatrical business, everybody blames
everything but the theatrical business."
Pollock adduces as No. 1 reason for the
loss of the road the bad quality of com-
panies sent out as "original produc-
tions." "I insist," he says, "that every
company should be a good company
whatever it's number and wherever it
goes; that its performance should be
kept up to the mark, and that the
theatre patron should be told exactly
what he is buying when he buys it. Both
in and out of New York the price of
theatre tickets has been absurd. This
isn't altogether the manager's fault;
most of his costs have been equally

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absurd. A \$6.60 theatre ticket is no
more foolish than a \$110 a week stage
hand or a bad fiddler at \$85 a week.

"When all is said and done, however,
the theatre stands or falls chiefly by
its plays. The greatest trouble of all is
that plays are produced for Times
Square, and that, whatever our little
groups think about it, Times Square is
NOT America.

"The road has divorced Times Square.
But, 'the road' is a long way from being
dead. It is merely at the beginning of
being independent. Some day the Little
Theatre will be professionalized and
organized, and its plays will be written
for it by really important dramatists,
placed under contract by groups that
have literary understanding beyond the
New Yorker. The success of the present
movement to revive 'the road' is up to
the managers. Unless they have learned
something in the past few years, the
next few will find Times Square con-
tinuing to produce for Times Square,
and the rest of America with a theatre
of its own."

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